

FROM JUDEAN VINEYARDS



POEMS

BY

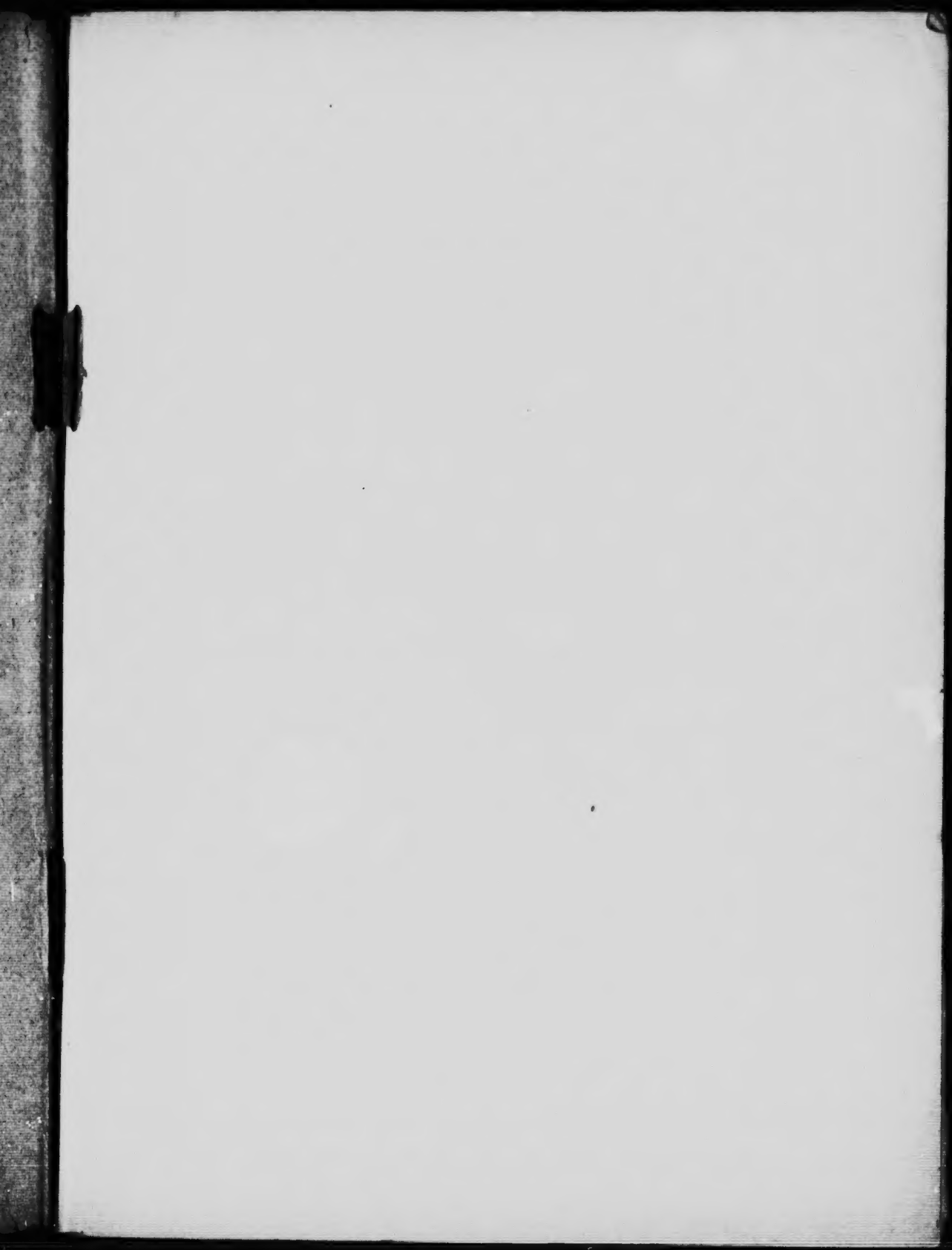
HYMAN EDELSTEIN



25 Cents

EDELSTEIN, HYMAN
FROM JUDEAN...

Canadian
Pamphlets



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*Paul Livinson.
Montreal.*

FROM JUDEAN VINEYARDS



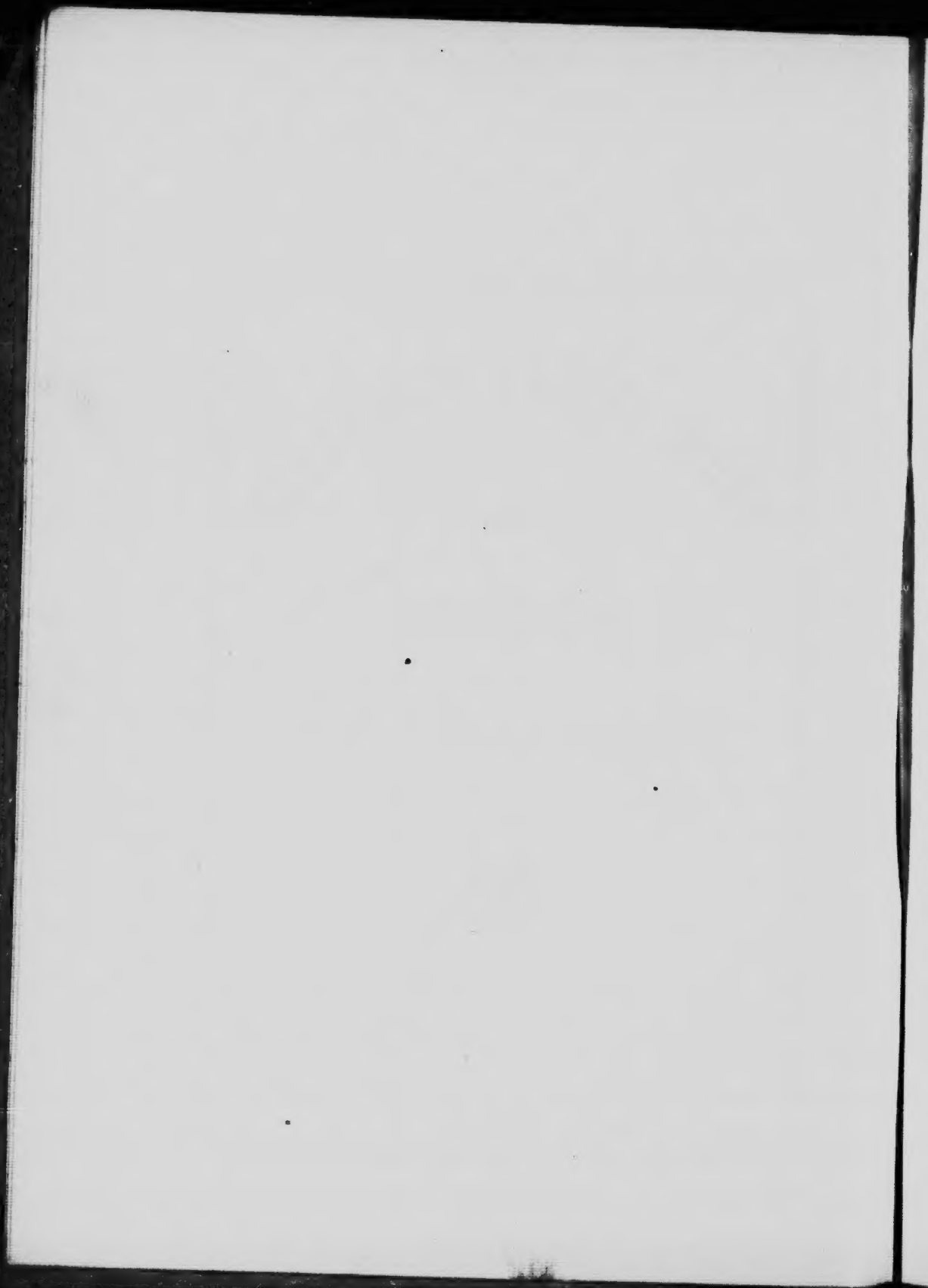
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BY

HYMAN EDELSTEIN

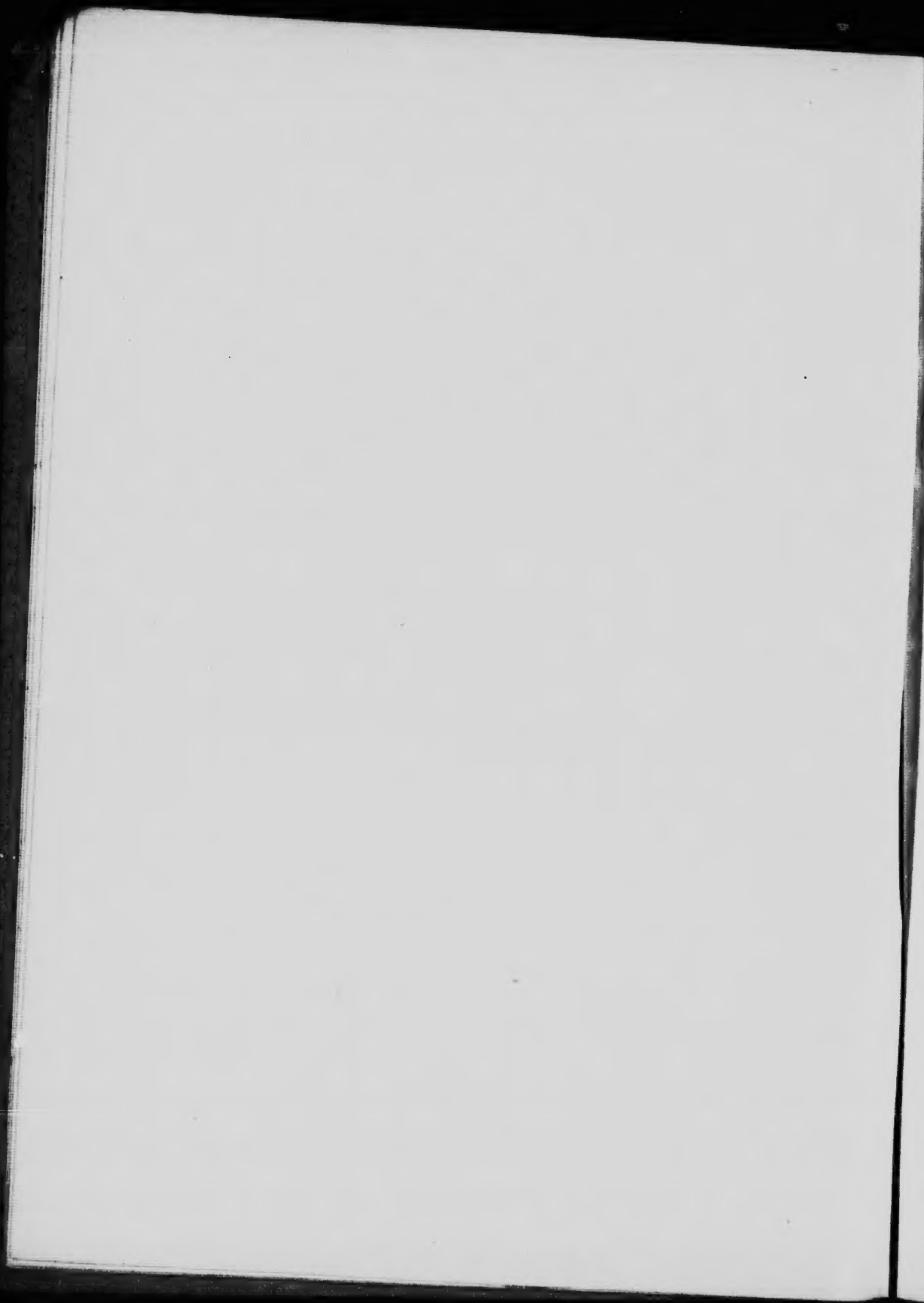


MONTREAL, 1914.



NOTE.

All the poems in this collection have already been published, with the exception of "A Girl of the Bund," (an incident of the Russian Revolution), which is the latest work of the author.



A GIRL OF THE "BUND"



An Incident of the Russian Revolution.

She stood in a circle of menacing brutes, poor Nina
of sixteen years,

They had trapped her alone, but she made no
moan, and she felt no ghastly fears,—

She had watched too well the terrors of hell to
quail at their presence now,

And she gazed undazed at the murderous frown
that blackened the Captain's brow.

The Captain, he stood—flesh, bone and blood
make beast as well as man—

Like a ghoul he stood, of demoniacal brood
affrighting as fiends can.

His eyes blazed red, his nostrils shed the dragon
breath of hate,

As with sword high raised, enraged, amazed, he
decreed the maiden's fate:—

" Speak out, confess, thou damned Jewess, in the
Revolution's wake,

What devil's share, what hellish snare doth thy
mad brain undertake?

Thy word delayed, and this trusty blade shall
cleave thy rigid spine,

But ere 'tis thrust thou'lt serve the lust of these
faithful dogs of mine! "—

But Nina, alone —worse horror she'd known—
her right foot firm advanced,

Her flowing hair more dazzling fair as above it
the sharp steel glanced;

And as she smiled, sweet hero-child, triumphant
and unafraid,

No queen e'er bowed 'neath her crown so proud
as Nina beneath that blade!

But not HER head was bent—instead, 'twas tossed
high in disdain

Of the glittering steel that would swerve and reel
as she mocked it in high disdain—

Of the keen and grim coruscant steel that swung
close to cleave her brain.

O, vilest hyena to shock thus my Nina, poor Nina
of sixteen years,

Whose faith intense and innocence should claim
adoring tears.—

And look! methinks now the Captain shrinks from
her flaming eyes and cheeks,

And lo, and lo! it is as though a Divine Com-
mander speaks,

And the angels with their scatheless hands grip
the sword by its gleaming edge,

Grip the hearts dismayed of her foes arrayed in
a dense, steel-bristling hedge....

Down dropped the sword; his hand was lowered;
his eyes had a maddened glare:
"Begone!" he yelled— like a mist dispelled, they
vanished and left her there—
Left my Nina, my own, alive, alone with her still
proud-tossing hair!

* * * * *

And what if she lives?—Ah, had she died, poor
Nina of sixteen years,
I would make all Christendom to rue,—drown the
hills in Christian tears;
In a coffin Ark then alone embark on that deluge
of Christian grief,
And for me there would be no Ararat, and no dove
with an olive leaf.

* * * * *

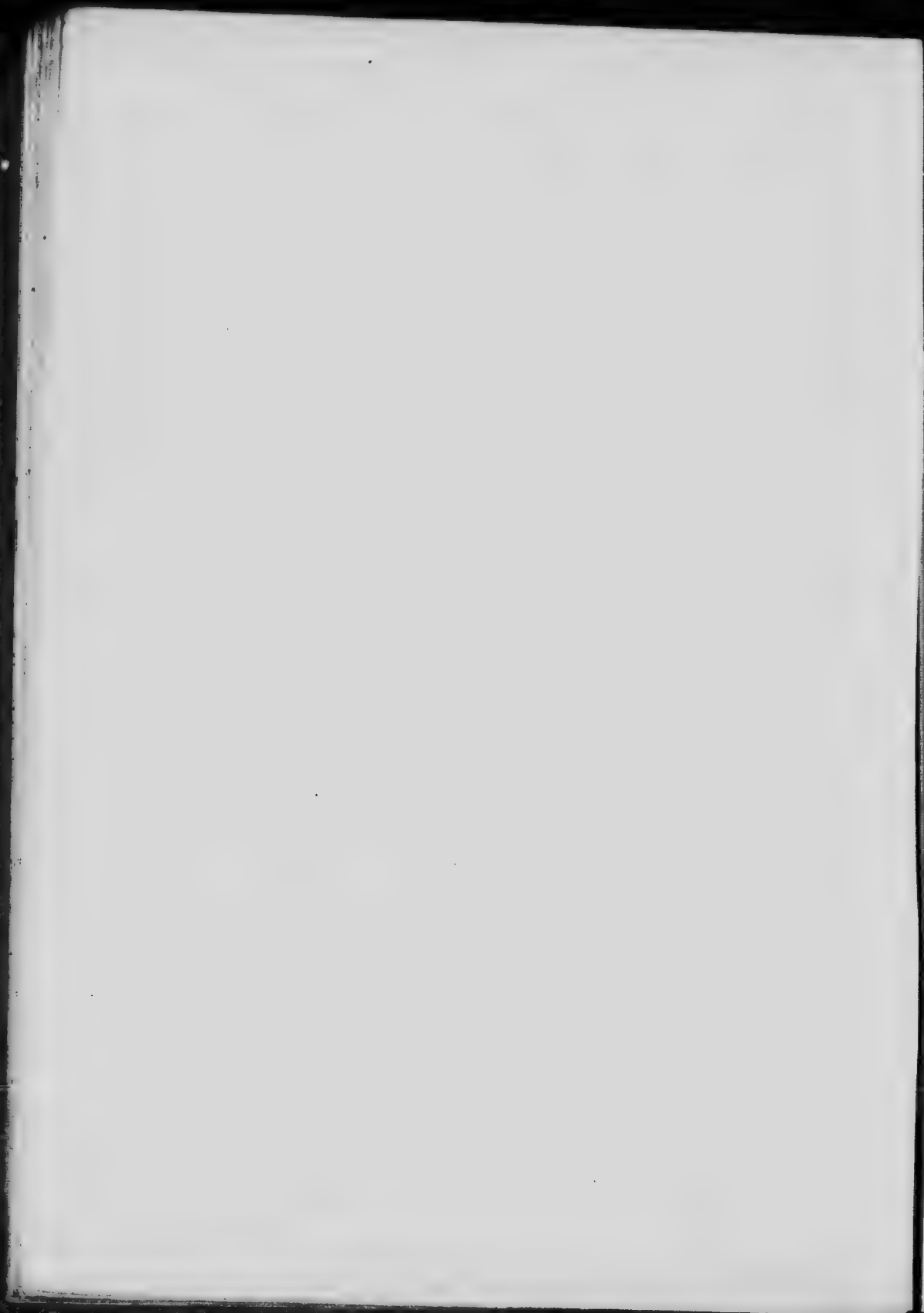
Praise ye your heroes, nations brave, and give
them your tribute proud

For the murderer, rake and robber who were laid
in a martial shroud;
But who—ah, who will sing of the Jew, that loyal
to allies foul
Fought first in the moil, was denied the spoil, and
thrown to the Russian ghoul;
And who shall relate his ghastly fate and the
curse of the Bund proclaim—
That the love of the cur and the love of the Jew
were then, as ever, the same!
What voice dismayed at the Jew betrayed by the
craven Christian crew
Who crushed his hope which the knotted rope of
the Russ could never do!—
And England, God! clasp the Russian bawd—foul
Russia the brothel brute
That brands the Jewess by a College dress, the
official prostitute!

Let your hearts be wrung—let a Christian tongue
call down the wrath of his Christ,—
Or, dumb and weak, his silence shall speak how
the Cross hath not sufficed!

* * * * *

Ah, who shall inquire the tragedy dire which
human eyes avoid,
The war and the doom of such girls in bloom who
to die were overjoyed!
And the palling fume of that cryptic tomb—ah,
what pure ray shall raise
In that catacomb of martyrs whom the world no
tribute pays—
What day illumine the ghoulisgloom that shadows
my sisters' ways
In the Russian hell where the martyrs fell whom
the world can never praise!



HERZL

✓



Father, full of mercy!—

Thus all tumults cease:

We wage controversy

And Thou sendest peace!

Now with tears we barter

For forgiveness:

Now we mourn the Martyr,

Now his name we bless!—

Vain our lamentation!

What can we implore?

He sought Restoration—

Naught can him restore!

Who shall wake the Sleeper,

Far he looked for rest—

What repose is deeper

Than within earth's breast?

He to none old pander,

Cowed by faction's sword,

Prophet-tongued Commander

Of a Babel horde!

Peer of ancient Moses,

Herzl, thus we rue!

Time herself discloses

What ye spake is true!

* * * * *

Judah's hills are lonely,

Judah's fields are bare—

Zion will bloom only

When her sons are there!

Herzl saw and thundered,

"Israel, up! awake! "—

But his people wondered

Just his heart to break!—

Now in dust he sleepeth;

Death made kindly haste,—

And his people weepeth

"How is Zion waste! "—

Dull the eyes, light-giving

That with great dreams flamed;

Lips no longer living

That new Life proclaimed!

Dreams of Zion olden

Decked with new array

In the glamour golden

Of an endless day:

Visions of green valleys,

Grazing sheep and kine

Fragrant woodland alleys,

Olive groves and vine;

All the wealth and glory

Of a land adored,

To the exile hoary

Once again restored!

Not for us a "Chalom!"—

Not till Zion's won,

Will our cry be "Shalom!"—

"Herzl's work is done!"

**CHRISTMAS BELLS; OR THE WANDERING
JEW**



•

"Peace on earth, good-will 'twixt men,"
Far the midnight air's resounding,
And the words are gaily bounding
Over sea, land, wood and glen.
Through the dark a darker form
Wends his way outcast and lonely—
'Tis the wandering Hebrew only,
And his beard waves in the storm;
And the storm wafts forth the peal,
And the words dance round the spectre,
Moist his lips with their sweet Nectar;
But they only make him reel.
On his staff he leans, and hears.
" 'Tis the song I'm always singing,"—
And the bells are gaily ringing,
And he sighs and disappears. . . .
Peace is his 'neath blood-stained cowl,
Good-will reigns among the devils—
For the Jew no Christmas revels
But the revels of the ghoul.

" Peace in Heav'n 'neath earth for me! "—

And the bells are made of iron,
Singing like the guileful Siren,
And they peal in irony.



JERUSALEM AT EVEN.



Oppressive still is the once-golden city,

The sun in haste

Sets with a look suffused of love and pity

On Zion's waste.

Solemn and spectral quiet now is reigning,—

How dead, oh Death,—

Disturbed but by the evening breeze complaining

Its scentless breath!

Withered and without fragrance, yet how hoary!

The drooping trees,

Blessing the God Who took from them their glory,

Mourn in the breeze!

**The aged grass—how parched, once sweetest
meadow!**

The sad breeze laves

In groves where immemorial cedars shadow

The Fathers' graves.

THE HEBREW MAIDEN. ✓

(To L. S.)



Of all the sweets with which this globe is laden,
Of all the glory which doth earth adorn,
What is there sweeter than the Hebrew maiden,
Of Heaven-chosen race its chosen born?

Thine is a wondrous heritage: thy glory
Shines as on Moses' face the veil of gold,
Unseen, yet ever present—and the story
Of all our martyrdom in thee is told.

Be worthy; stand triumphant, Zion's daughter,
Thy heritage doth o'er all others rise,
Covering the earth, as on the sea the water,
High above men, and o'er the earth the skies!



PASSOVER.

A Sonnet.



Once more resound the tents of Israel
With chant of jubilation and of praise,
Telling the martyrdom of ancient days,
And how God heard His anguished people's wail,
And saved with great redemption: then grew pale
The chiefs of Edom, and in dread amaze
The mighty lords of Moab, faint, did gaze
On Egypt's doom, and 'fore God's wrath did quail.
Vanished is Egypt now; th' Assyrian chain
No more affrights, nor Roman tyranny—
Yet other foes and other Pharaohs reign,
And 'neath the lash of Christianity
Israel still writhes, heir to eternal scars,—
Bondsman of Christian love and Russian Tsars!



A PICTURE. ↓
Of the Ruins on the Site of the Jewish Temple.



When alien eyes the evening shades descending
On these limned ruins saw,
O tell me, Muse, were shades so solemn blending
As now o'er mine eyes draw?

For from these stones, rent helplessly asunder,
A voice their silence breaks—
A printed echo of wild battle's thunder
My ring soul awakes.

To thy misfortunes, my unhappy nation,
To thy heroic stand
'Gainst Time, Protean Death, and foes' elation,
And to thy Ismael land.

'mourn thee, I, in this still grove reclining
With pensive brow and sad,
The twilight summer shadows soft combining
With phantom pictures clad.

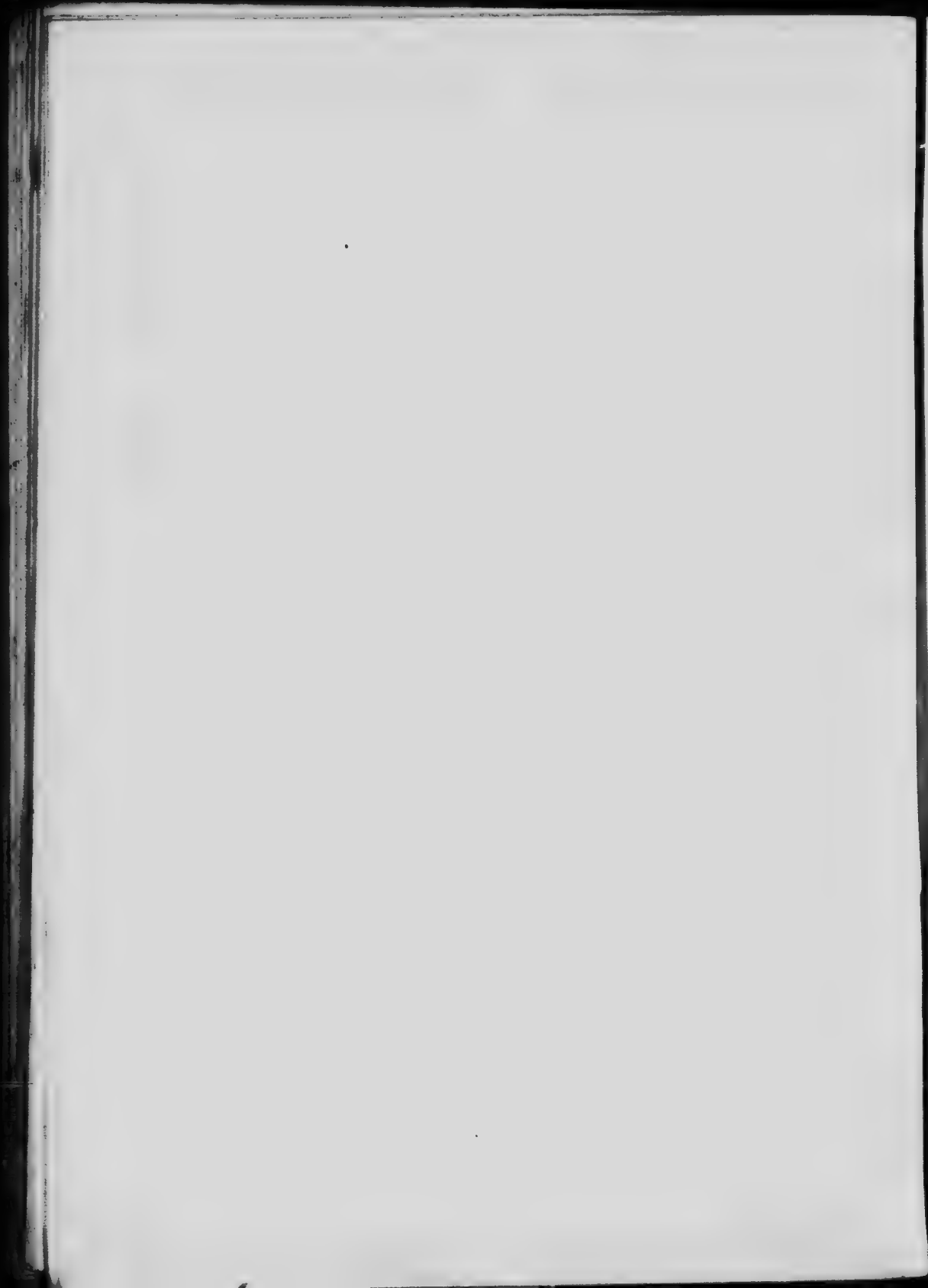
Alone in this secluded, silent corner

I the past splendor sigh—

What Roman, Grecian youth sits thus a mourner

In solitude as I?





ZION'S WAR-CRY. ✓



Rouse up, blaze forth! ye slumbering flames
Long smothered in ten million shames,
The love that thrills ten million frames
A mother asks, and shall we fail?

Tenfold accursed coward, fool,
Self-murderous traitor, foeman's tool,
Base, grovelling serf to tyrant's rule,
Withdraw! whose craven heart dare quail?

At this last hour is this the way
Our hero-fathers to repay?
Withdraw! and what will Zion say?
Great God and this is Israel!

We—we so long the Devil's spoil—
Shall we now shamefully recoil?—
When our own beloved soil
At last—at last herself shouts hail!

**Our fathers' blood for vengeance craves,
And Spectres call from unknown graves:
" Too long we've been the nation's slaves! "
Revenge! Repay!—Home, home we'll sail:**



THE TRAGEDY OF ISRAEL
(“ For Thy Salvation, O Lord, I await.”)



The years roll on, they come and pass, they stagger
as they go,

And Israel's blood in wild'ring streams doth never-
ending flow.

Whose is the sin? For whom the blood? Thy will,
Heav'n, shall suffice!

Almighty, look! The world; its sin; Thy Son's
great sacrifice!



THE IDOL CORPSE.



There's a pallid marble statue
In a corner of my study,
And its eyes stare wildly at you
Flashing forth a radiance ruddy,

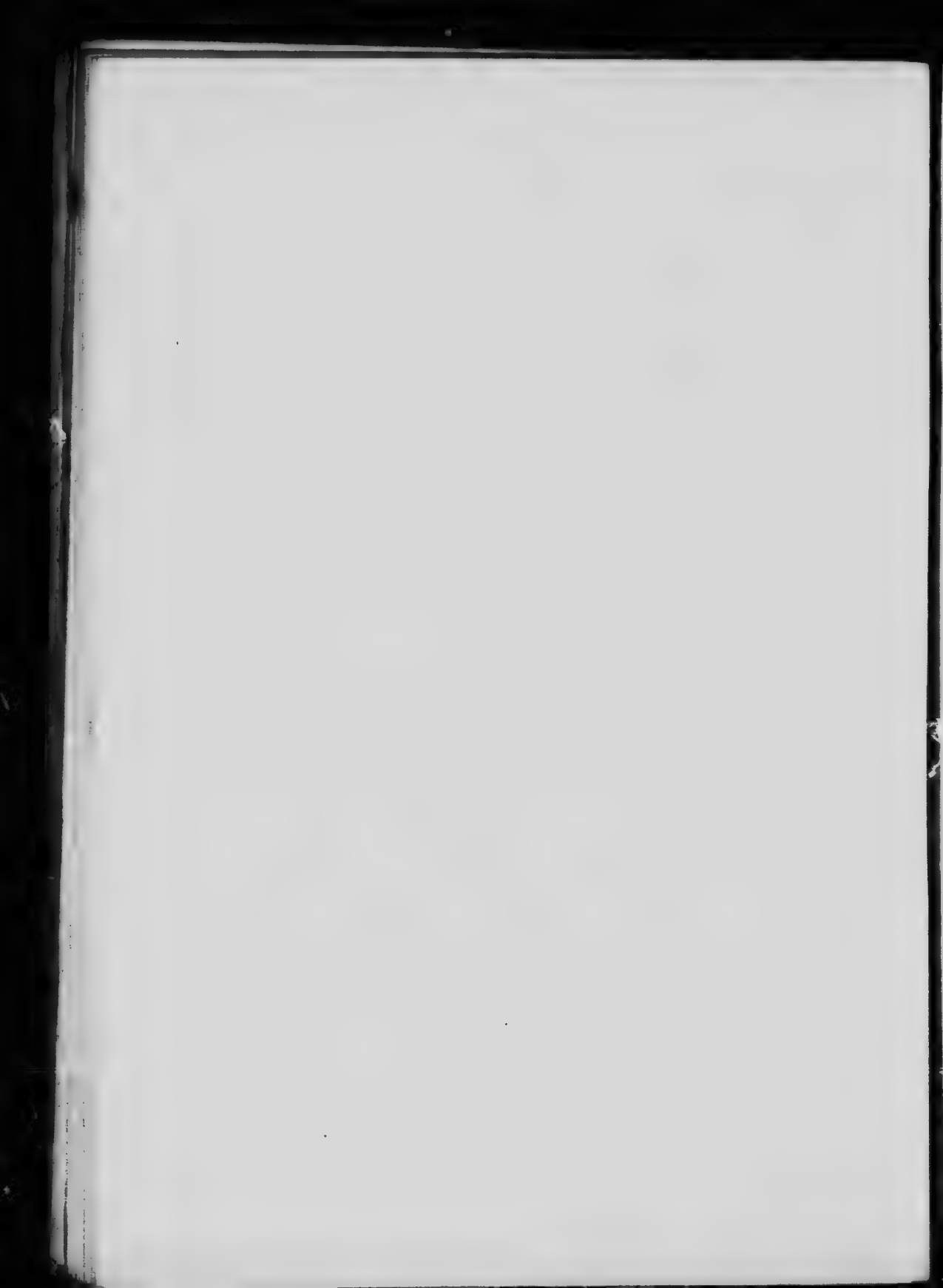
And its limbs no blood suffuses,
Save Those eyes so wild appealing;
'Tis the corpse of murdered Muses,
'Round which mankind still is kneeling;

For that pallid marble statue
Is the idol corpse of Zion,
Whose wild, bloodshot eyes stare at you
Like those of a stricken lion.

And its veins are harp-strings slender,
On them ever am I playing,
Of that corpse a lone defender
'Gainst fierce blood-hounds 'round me baying.

As a stone in my heart's corner,
For those bloody foes infernal—
While I melt in tears a mourner—
'Twill stand stern, a curse eternal.





SHAVUOTH



Hail, "Feast of Weeks"! a thousand times so
welcome 'mid the tears

Of them that keep the grievous fast of many
thousand years.

O, greet with greens the grain-feast of our grand
old Harvest time,

And deck your homes with clustering fruits and
blossoms in their prime.

Ah, me! we offer alien flowers, the bloom of
other fields,

Alas, O God! we gather fruit—but not what Zion
yields!

And we, Thy remnant, seem like seed in soil of
strangers sown,

And nations glean our choicest growth and
claim it as their own!

Our great and noble others keep—and us keep
mean and low!

And we bind sheaves out of ourselves—wheat
garnered for the foe!

Upon the altars of our hearts we sacrifice
“strange fires”—

A “patriotic” flame of love for countries not our
sires’!

And England, France, America, and Germany
are “ours,” . . .

And Zion lies forsaken . . . and to God we bring
these flowers! . . .

O, when, O Lord! will Judah cease to show a
servile will

To kings “who know not Joseph” and who use
our Josephs still! . . .

O, let that "Chag ha-katzir" be when by Thy
gracious hand

Shall Israel be "in-gathered" in his once
beloved land;

And there anew be planted, and again take
firmly root,

And fill the face of Zion's earth with precious
native fruit!



**THE MEETING OF THE
PYRAMIDS; OR THE DREAM
OF A ZIONIST**

I am of those to sorrow born,
To meet eternal jeering,
And mocking calm, and cutting scorn,
And looks of poignant sneering.

Far than the thrust of those that
scorn

Indifference stabs me rougher,
And while I laugh the slanders off,
God knows the pain I suffer.

O, Israel, sad—too sad for sighs—
Thy tragic tale thrills through me;
I cannot cry—too dry my eyes,
To shine in depths so gloomy;

And so I close them, and I see
The dream I'm always dreaming;
The jewelled picture limning thee
In pristine glory gleaming.

I see thee 'mid grand music's strain
From thy sweet sons Orphean,
'Neath banners proud march home
again
With loud, triumphant paean.

Wide-open eyes mankind doth raise
In wondrous, stupid rapture,
Beholding, dumb, in awful gaze
Jerusalem's recapture!

The crystal tears upon thy head,

As dews of youth undying

Starring a human pyramid,

Form thy bright Crown of Crying.

O ecstasy! still press the lids

Hard o'er mine eyes' drained river.

'Tis the meeting of the pyramids!—

I awake, and hear, and shiver.



" WE'RE VERY NEAR TO GOD " ✓

•

" Oh, mother, tell me why it is
That Christian priests so bless us,
And with their soft caresses,
Say we are very dear to God,
And we are very near to God,
And we are always His."

The Hebrew mother raised the lad,
And dew'd his cheek with kisses—
Such love the Hebrew's bliss is—
An angel's halo lit the floor,
The Russian savage burst the door:
" Thus by the bloody rod, my child,
We're very near to God, my child,
We're very near to God."



A JEW



Approach, dear reader, but with gentle tread;
Gaze, but with weeping eyes—He is a Jew!
There by that naked tree he lies outspread,
His burden hugging close.—He is a Jew!

Oh, what a story is in those closed eyes!
What tales those wrinkles tell!—He is a Jew!
Oh, what a tragedy in that face lies,
And in those silvery locks!—He is a Jew!

Those wasted soles have trod many an age
Through many a perilous path.—He is a Jew!
What Greek's cothurnus stepped o'er such a stage
In such great tragedies?—He is a Jew!

List, gentle reader, list,—he mutters low,
.. "O God! is this then man?"—He is a Jew.
"If this is man for whom I suffered so,
Then must I be a God!"—He is a Jew!

THEODORE HERZL /



A Sonnet

**He was thy faithful child, O mother Zion!
He loved thee, and bade others turn to thee;
No Ghetto slave, no Christian's dupe was he,
But strong as Moses!—an heroic seion
Of noble stock, who, fearless as a lion
Guarding its young, defied each enemy,
For Israel wrought a glorious victory,
Dying for that loved land he could not die on!
Herzl has lived, and Herzl is not dead!
His spirit is the new Shechinah's light
Which over Israel God's own grace has shed
To guide our path, to cheer our palling night!—
And well we know that by such grand endeavour,
And by such death, shall Israel live for ever!**



ETERNAL BLOOM. V



One time there bloomed upon an arid waste
A little flower of wondrous loveliness,
A dew of heavenly manna was its dress,
Sweet incense bathed its head divine and chaste;
And starving birds flocked round about to taste
Its nectar, and, unpitying its distress,
The manna-robe they plucked with each caress,
Then from the little blossom fled in haste.
Once Israel dwelt beneath her own fair sky,
While clamorous foes assailed her sacred bower;
But God had sworn "My child, thou shalt not die!"
Then breathed His saving wind upon the flower,
Blowing its petals over all the earth
To blossom in a new almighty birth!

